

Holding Out For A Hero by TumbleTree

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Summary:

Billy had never cared for the kids Steve called his own. He had already started tolerating them for Max's sake and not because she almost busted his nuts that one time with the baseball bat. But when Steve had looked at him with those big brown eyes, begging him to keep an eye on the kids while he was on some 'vacation' with his asshole parents Billy couldn't say no.

So fuck Steve for putting him in all the situations that followed *that* conversation. He owed him a ton of blow jobs for all the shit he had to put up with now.

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Five times Billy protected their kids and the one time they protected him...sort of.

Holding Out For A Hero

Author's Note:

- For [mygodislovedfan](#).

"Holding Out For A Hero" by Bonnie Tyler was released in 1984, which I know, cutting it real close with this one. I just couldn't help myself.

This is a tumblr prompt requested by [mygodislovedfan.tumblr.com](#), hopefully I lived up to what you imagined! And I will start on the next prompt you sent me now that I've finished this!

Billy had never cared for the kids Steve called his own. He had already started tolerating them for Max's sake and not because she almost busted his nuts that one time with the baseball bat. But when Steve had looked at him with those big brown eyes, begging him to keep an eye on the kids while he was on some 'vacation' with his asshole parents Billy couldn't say no.

So fuck Steve for putting him in all the situations that followed *that* conversation. He owed him a ton of blow jobs for all the shit he had to put up with now.

1 Mike

Billy missed Steve. He had only been gone for a day and already he missed him like a lost limb. The kids had been avoiding him, Max had been getting lifts from Henderson's ma and Neil had been out of the house with Susan on some couples get away.

So really, it should've been the start of a great week and yet...Billy *missed* everyone. He missed having to drop Max off at the arcade or the Wheeler's house. Even her flipping him off in the rear view mirror. Fuck, he even missed Steve's freaks and it had only been a day. So, when Billy was speeding by the arcade and not checking on Max and the freaks and happened to notice one of them and a group

of unfamiliar teens outside. Well, Billy would later use the excuse that Steve's words were echoing inside his head and not because he missed the freaks.

At the last possible minute Billy swerved into the parking lot, forcibly putting his car into park and hopping out of it in the same motion. He really hoped he didn't come across as too excited.

The teens didn't even so much as glance at him. That was their first mistake. Billy used it to his advantage and marched right up to the kids. Noticing that the teens were surrounding the Wheeler kid, who already looked like he had been in a fight. Billy felt something stir in his stomach at the sight of the bleeding younger boy.

"What's going on here?" He asked as nonchalantly as physically possible, trying to keep the anger he was feeling out of his voice. The three teens spun around in surprise, but quickly relaxed when they saw Billy standing behind them. That was their second mistake.

"Just having a talk. Isn't that right fag?" The kid sneered in Wheelers direction, Billy tried to ignore the slight flinch the kid gave when the teen took a threatening step towards him.

Billy didn't say anything, which the teens must have taken as encouragement to continue. Their third and final mistake was when the second teen raised his fist. Somewhere between the kid starting to swing and Wheeler tensing for the expected blow, Billy made up his mind. If only he knew the consequences that followed.

Billy jerked forward and grabbed the teens wrist, using his own momentum against him and angling his fist in the other direction. The teen flew after his appendage, tripping over the sidewalk and falling on his ass. Billy was just as surprised as the Wheeler kid and the two still standing teens.

"What the fuck man?" The third teen demanded, looking between Billy and his fallen friend.

"Get the hell out of my sight," Billy sneered at all three. They looked like they were about to argue, so Billy casually flexed his muscles in what Steve like to call a display of dominance. They fled like birds.

Billy and the Wheeler boy stood side-by-side. Not acknowledging the fact that Billy just defended one of the freaks. At least not until the weirdo turned to face Billy.

“Uh...thanks I guess,” Wheeler trailed off. He wore a completely flabbergasted expression, it made Billy's skin itch and a sudden need to punch something.

Billy glanced at him from the corner of his eyes and released a grunt. “Whatever kid. Dont cream your pants,” Billy snorted, the words an echo of the night at the Byers house. The kid gave him a disgusted look and fled toward the arcade, where Billy could see the other freaks, including Max, watching him with equal looks of surprise.

“Fuck me,” Billy growled, already annoyed at his own actions. *Fucking Steve.*

2 Will

School was such a waste of time. Don't get Billy wrong, he was good at school, but that was more a necessity than because he wanted to be. He was smart enough to skip class and still get a solid A-, which pissed his Steve off to no end, but left Neil satisfied enough to leave him alone.

Which is what he was doing right then. Skipping english was easy, it was avoiding any hall monitors that was the hard part. Billy had a route. It was the same route he took every time he wanted to avoid people And where he and Steve met up.

It was going down that route that Billy happened across little Byers. He almost wished he didn't. The kid was hunched against the brick wall, his knees tucked against his chest and his bony back heaving. Billy's had enough panic attacks to recognize one.

Billy thought about turning around and ignoring the kid, but then he remembered all the times he wished he had someone there. With a resigned huff, Billy inched forward, trying not to spook the kid. When he was three feet or so away, Billy got down on one knee.

He tapped the ground near the hyperventilating kid, letting him know there was someone near him.

“You're gonna be okay Byers.” Billy stated calmly, sliding forward a few inches, “I just need you to do a few things. Alright?” The kid, *Will*, didn't acknowledge him, but Billy wasn't deterred. “Will. Tuck your head between your knees.”

Billy didn't wait for him to move and closed the rest of the space between them. Gently tucking Will's head between his knobby knees. They sat there for what felt like hours, but really was only a few minutes, Billy stayed crouched in front of him, a hand on the nape of his neck, taking exaggerated breaths and holding them until Will got the hint.

Together they took deep breaths, until eventually he could do it without Billy helping him along. With a relieved sigh that Billy would deny ever making, he sat back on his ass. He didn't move far, just enough to be directly across from the shivering kid.

He waited for Will's breath to return to seminormal before asking, “you good?”

“Yeah,” Will nodded, wiping his top lip. Knowing the kid was good, Billy stood up deciding to skip the rest of the day. As he was heading back the way he came, Will said, “thanks Billy.” He said it quietly, but for all Billy knew, he might as well have yelled them.

3 *Lucas*

Hawkins Indiana fucking sucked. The only good thing to come out of it was Steve. His dorky Steve, who was currently in Chicago with his folks instead of suffering with Billy in rainy Hawkins. And that was another issue. Hawkins wasn't like California where it rained once in a blue moon. No, when it rained it fucking poured. It hadn't stopped pouring as of two days ago and if Billy had to restyle his hair again he was gonna fuck some shit up.

He just wanted to lay in bed, wrapped around Steve and talk about random shit until Steve was mumbling and slurring his words with

exhaustion. Instead, he was stuck going to the only grocery store in a twenty mile radius because Neil absolutely had to have beer for the football game tonight. But it was on his way back from the store that Billy ran into the real problem.

That problem came in the form of one thoroughly soaked Lucas Sinclair. He was hunched over his bike or what was left of it and looking like he was cursing up a storm. For all of a minute Billy went back and forth deciding between helping or driving by. He chose to stop.

Billy had to yell a few times to be heard over the pounding rain and when Sinclair finally noticed him, the look on his face was priceless. Truly picture worthy.

“Get in the fucking car!” Billy yelled, already aggravated with the situation. Steve had been gone for not even a week and already he’s had to step into stupid and *easily* avoidable situations. These fucking kids were gonna be the death of him, Billy didn’t know how Steve could deal with them everyday. God he missed Steve.

When it didn’t seem like Sinclair was going to listen, Billy slammed his hand against the horn and yelled, “for fucks sake! Get in the damn car Lucas!” Billy didn’t know if it was the horn or him saying his name that spurred Sinclair into action, but he’s never seen someone move so fast.

Leaving his bike, Sinclair clambered into the front seat. Completely soaking the camaro’s leather. Billy had to restrain himself when he noticed that, but silently reached into the back for a spare t-shirt. A strange sensation swept through him when he saw Sinclair flinch as if expecting Billy to hit him. Without speaking, Billy thrust the t-shirt into Sinclair’s chest.

“Here. You’re getting water everywhere,” he mumbled, unable to meet Sinclair’s surprised eyes. Before the kid could ask any questions, Billy started driving. He didn’t bother putting the radio on, instead for the ten minutes it took to get to Sinclair’s house, they sat in awkward silence. The only noise being the torrential rain smacking against the roof of the car.

It was when they pulled up and Sinclair was halfway out of the camaro that Billy finally said something. "Hey," Billy started, his voice cracking over the words, "I'm sorry." He didn't say anything more and Lucas didn't say anything back. In that moment, with Lucas huddling under Billy's t-shirt and Billy gripping the wheel with a white knuckled grip. They finally seemed to come to an understanding.

4 Max

After his run in with Lucas, things seemed to change. Max wasn't avoiding him anymore and the kids seemed to be actively seeking him out. Steve was going to be fucking ecstatic. Billy was already regretting his life choices. Although, he couldn't regret the life choice he made when he stepped in front of a fist that, for once, wasn't meant for him.

Max came home late. That wouldn't have been a big deal, if Neil hadn't also spotted her with Lucas. The only time Billy had ever seen his father this angry was right before they left California. He was scared then and he was scared now. The only difference was Billy was scared *for* Max.

The argument had been expected, what Billy and Susan were not expecting was for Neil to throw the very beer that Billy had just bought the other day. It smashed against the wall, painting it a putrid yellow. Before it had even started to drip down the wall, Neil was already going for Max. Billy watched as Max tensed in preparation, her freckled face scrunched up and distantly heard Susan starting to scream. He didn't remember moving, hell he didn't even feel the hit. All he did remember was Max's sharp gasp and her big blue eyes staring up at him in wonder.

"Get out! Get the hell out of my house!" Neil started screaming, seeming more enraged at Billy stepping in the way, then at the Lucas situation.

Billy grabbed Max and bolted out the door, his heart pounding with this sudden need to get *away*. They fled. Getting into his car, with Neil's shouts following them and somehow ending up at the only

diner this town had. He would've gone to Steve's if he had been home.

Billy came back to himself when a mug was set down in front of him. The smell of coffee greeting him as he peered down at the ceramic. Max sat across from him, tears making her eyes look even bluer, although none seemed to have fallen. Billy was thankful for that at least.

"You okay Billy?" He almost laughed out loud. He couldn't remember a time where he was ever fine or where Neil had never hit him. But as he looked at Max, Billy knew he could never say that to her. It would fucking break her and Billy could pick on Max, but he never wanted to break her. Not like Neil did to him.

"Yeah, I'm okay kid," Billy finally decided on. The words tasting sour.

5 *Dustin*

Steve was back. Billy was beyond excited to finally have him back and to be done babysitting their kids. '*Steve's kids*' his brain silently reminded him. Those kids have just been tolerating him for Steve's sake and not because they actually liked Billy. So what if they talked to him like they did Steve and who cared if Mike asked for advice about girls now.

They were *tolerating* him and Billy would not miss their weirdness. Not at all. He had Steve and that was good enough for him.

Steve hadn't even been home two days, his parents off again, before their- *Steve's kids* came running into his house and interrupting what would have been some pretty epic sex. Screaming about Dustin, a gate and something called a demidog.

Steve had gone pale and started shoving Billy from between his thighs with an urgency that had Billy's heart racing. Without thinking about it, Billy scrambled after Steve, who was now holding the very same bat that had almost took his dick off, and the four ugly ducklings trailing after him. No one questioned his presence.

The kids led them through the woods for what felt like hours. Billy was ready to call it quits, when there came this horrible screeching noise. It made his hair stand on end and his fingers clench around an invisible weapon. He really wished he had grabbed a kitchen knife or something equally as sharp.

Instead of running away like a sane person, Steve broke out into a full on sprint. His Farrah Fawcett hair bouncing along to some soundless tune. The kids were right on his tail, leaving Billy to pick up the rear, cursing all the way.

They came upon a sight that had Billy freezing in his tracks. Dustin was on the ground, a pretty bad cut to his leg and what looked like a fucking scaly flower on toothpicks stalking towards him. Steve was already swinging at it, but the creature easily avoided him. It was pretty clear to Billy that Steve was not in his right mindset, his focus more on Dustin than the flower with teeth.

Seeing a losing fight, Billy started looking around for something that could help. He spotted a fallen branch that looked fairly sturdy. Without putting much thought into what he was about to do, Billy grabbed the branch and shoved the other kids, who were crowded around Dustin, out of his way.

Spinning the branch, Billy waited until Steve was out of the way and swung. The sound it made against the flowers face was so satisfying. All it took was one more hit from Billy and the creature stopped moving. Everything was silent, except for Billy's heaving breaths.

Dustin broke the silence by screaming, "holy shit! One hit wonder over here, Jesus Christ!" Billy looked at Steve, who already seemed to be staring him down.

Pointing the branch at Steve, Billy said, "You have a lot of explaining to do princess."

Billy ended up having to carry Dustin piggyback style while Steve and the others ran ahead. Steve had been shaking so bad from fear and adrenaline, but he managed to stutter through a plan of getting his car and meeting Billy, since he was shaking so much and couldn't

possibly carry Dustin, at the main road. Since Dustin's lived here longer than Billy, he sure as fuck better know where they were going.

"Holy shit Henderson. Lay off the Twinkies once in awhile," Billy groaned, his arms aching after the brief fight with the flower dog. Carrying an almost fully grown preteen was not fun.

Dustin flung his arms around Billy's neck to stabilize himself, squeezing to the point where Billy pretended to drop him so he'd lay off. He squealed like a pig and when Billy pointed that out, he adamantly denied it. For the whole walk and if Billy purposely said that to distract Dustin from the pain, well. No one needed to know about that, but him.

1 Billy

Billy hated winter. He hated the cold, the constant need to shovel and ice. Jesus, he hated ice. He was especially pissed off at the fact that he was currently nursing a busted knee because of fucking ice. No more basketball for the rest of the year. Neil had been more upset over that than Billy's injury.

The only thing he wasn't upset about was Steve's mothering. He couldn't help, but bask in it. It wasn't like he was taking advantage of Steve's paternal side...it's just. Billy *liked* having someone take care of him and sometimes he felt like Steve needed to take care of someone.

Although, he could really do without the constant Get Well cards and teddy bears. First of all, he wasn't a child and second, what in the hell would he use teddy bears for? The cards at least would be good kindling. Steve had not appreciated that comment, he was just sore that their kids liked Billy more than him now.

After the demodog incident the kids seemed to finally warm up to him and somehow one of them (Dustin) told Steve all about his good deeds while he was gone. Billy hadn't been amused by that, but at least he got a blow job for them.

And now he was officially considered apart of the party, which Jesus, that's such a stupid name. He didn't mind it as much as he would've

before, but it still didn't change the fact that he was going to murder their kids if he had to see one more teddy bear or card.

He didn't mind Steve's mothering, but dear lord the kids were just awful. Especially Lucas and Dustin, who wouldn't stop making cracks about his age like he hadn't just a month or so ago saved their asses. The little shits.

Although he'd rather have the kids teasing him instead of what they were doing now. Billy didn't know how to react to two fourteen year olds yelling at him about how he could have fallen in the shower.

“Do you want to become a statistic Billy? Jesus Christ!” Dustin hollered, throwing his arms up in defeat, while Lucas gave him the *‘I'm very disappointed in you’* eyes.

Steve would later come home to Billy, Dustin and Lucas soaking wet because Lucas thought it would've been smart to use the sink instead.

His argument had been, “we're saving water this way.” Billy called bullshit.

Author's Note:

If you want more Harringrove come check me out on Tumblr at: thebumblebeetumbletree.tumblr.com where you can submit prompts or just come hang out!

Comments and Kudos are appreciated!!